

Corrupting Xael

Life for a long time has been good for Xael. A sleek yellow bodied, white bellied, rubber renamon with light blue gloves and matching yin-yang markings on the front of her thighs has long been the top of her queendom. It is simple really; she'd runs the simplest version of a Ponzi scheme of making latex lesbian renamon like herself. She'd find a suitable victim, male or female, have her way with them, let her gloves melt over them, forming a new pair of gloves and the rubber spreads across them till they are a full latex renamon, conditioned to be of service to her and any she makes will be the same to her, but of course, due to how it works, Xael is *always* on top.

How many had she converted to her collective? Her tight group of supple and sensual digital vixens? Hundreds? Perhaps a thousand or two. Honestly, she has lost track after so long, but almost everywhere she goes there's a small collective of rubber renamons at her beck and call, so when she arrived at this city to find *none* of her kind about, it was a bit surprising, yet not worrisome.

"It's been a long time since I had a fresh city to found a new enclave in service to me and my wonderful lifestyle," she thought, checking into the finest hotel in the city and taking a moment to sit at the hotel bar to do an initial case of the joint. Her blue eyes gave off a soft tantalizing glow. She stirred her martini drink with her claw tip, pulling it out every so often to give it a teasing suckle, watching to see who would be caught by her dazzling display, which they were a few. It did help the fact that renamon like many non-human races did not require clothes in public, though many took the option to do so, Xael was not one of those kind of people.

"Who is going to be my lucky first here? Who will be so divinely selected by me and made perfect?" she wonders, going through the possible males and females in the room, taking a normal sip of her martini when the bartender slides another drink in front of her.

The bartender a light green and dark green striped feather nevrean, an avian like species, with a long tail that ends in a plum, "The gentlemen down over there wishes to have this," he says, motioning to a very colorful nevrean down the bar, dressed in a business suit.

The green eyed nevrean with dark blue feathers accented by purples with yellow chest feathers. His hair is wild and untamed, and despite his, short stature, he carries himself as the biggest person in the room.

"Someone as smug as him, would be perfect," she thinks, finishing her drink before taking the one offered, taking a little sip as she saunters over to him, "A little birdie told me that I have you to thank for my drink?" she asks, the renamon squeaking, placing her elbows on the bar, clasping her hands together once she places the drink down.

He casually brushes his blue and purple hair from his green eyes, "You could say that" "Thank you, it's surprisingly tasty."

"I should be thanking you for the taste of paradise you're giving everyone here, myself included," he says, looking over her smooth sensual body.

She sips more of the cocktail, “That is no reason to thank me, but I do appreciate it. I am fond of those who have a bit of taste and know when they see something worth admiring,” she says, leaning back in her chair, tail swishing, breasts pushed out, “You come here often?”

“Not really, here on business.”

“What kind of business?”

“Property procurement.”

She takes a deep breath, “Fascinating, what does that entail?”

He smirks, “It's more of a show rather than a tell type of thing if I am to be blunt about it. What about you? What do you do?”

“I... how shall I put it. I find likeminded individuals and bring them together for personal betterment of others.”

“So you're like a motivational speaker or a think tank type of person?”

“You could say that. If you want, I could show you how... motivational I can be back at my room, if you are free to do so.”

“I think I can make room in my schedule for that. Do you mind if I bring my briefcase with me?” he asks, reaching down, showing a rather big and black leathered briefcase, “I need it for my work, and I can't just let it leave my sight.”

“I don't have a problem with that, come follow me,” she says, running her claws under his chin.

“With pleasure.”

“Oh, I think the pleasure will be all mine,” says Xael, thinking, *“It's so easy. Men are just predictable and easy to manipulate when they just want one thing,”* she takes him up to her room, one of the best sweets in the entire place.

“You know, it's silly, I should have introduced myself.”

“I think I have forgotten to do the same, my name is Xael,” she says, thinking, *“Not that your name will matter all that much soon.”*

“I'm Dasaki, pleasure to meet you Xael,” he says, letting out a little chirp, “You must be doing well to get this room,” he says, looking over the room, admiring its fancy decor and massive king-sized bed in the center.

“What can I say? I'm very good at what I do,” she says, sauntering over to the bed, climbing on top, hiking her tail to give him a clear view of her glistening sex, “Please make yourself comfortable and I can show you a good time.”

“Don't mind if I do,” he says, gently placing down the briefcase by the bed, then hastily removing his clothes, revealing to her surprise that this bird is packing with an unusually sized sheath and ball, his purple cock tip, pokes out of the sheath, glistening with pre-cum.

“*So, eager, so easy,*” she thinks, lowering her tail to add to the tease, sliding up to the head of the bed, “Would you like to be top or bottom?”

“Top if you don't mind, but how about I get you a little warmed up? You've been doing all night for me, I think its fair I get to have a little taste before the main meal,” he says, licking his beak, crawling onto the bed, his length sliding out showing off more of its impressive size as

it bounces between his legs, a knot starting to show within the sheath as his cock extends outwards.

Xael runs her claws along her breast, giving them a teasing squeeze, causing them to squeak loudly. Her other hand runs across her belly, down between her legs, gently rubbing her wet glistening vent, "Such a gentleman, wanting to please a woman before getting right to it. How could I refuse?"

His black scale claws run across her thighs, feeling how smooth they are, the warmth of her body so close to his making his cock twitch and grow harder, he looks up into her eyes, giving one last glance before diving into the wet folds before. His feathers rise, the sweet fluids on his tongue taste wonderful, his body tensing in delight while Xael softly moans.

"Good, good, just like that," she says, reaching down, creasing and petting the back of her head, reaching down in an attempt to grab his hands, to start the conversion process but he just manages to pull away before she gets too close, continuing to lick and please her.

His tongue dives in deep, curling within her folds, tenderly drawing out some of that sweet nectar. He savors every drop as if it was the last, his cock now aching and hanging heavy between his legs. The canine-like cock has pre-cum already pooling in the divot. He looks up at her, hands caressing along the renamon's sides, "Are you ready for the best cock your sex will ever have?" he asks, licking his lips.

She chuckles, "That is a bold claim. Now let's see if you can fuck the fuck after you talked the talked," she teases, spreading her legs, reaching down to grab his hands when the avian thrusts into her, his massive cock slipping into her tight sex, making her twitch and shudder in a mixture of pleasure and, "*I can't believe I let him get this far.*" mulling about in her mind.

His purple member twitches, squirting pre-cum into her hot vent, his knot soon pressing up against her lips as he thrusts faster, harder, making her body jiggle with each thrust, "Oh, you are very well equipped avian," she teases watching his hands run across her thighs, up along her sides, giving the breasts a firm squeeze, tugging at the nipples.

"Thanks, one of my specialties, fucking the brains out of hot girls and making them beg for more," he states, giving the breast another squeeze.

She softly moans, "I bet you do," she says, thinking, "*And you will be doing that as one of my own lovely girls.*" The opportunity is now too perfectly represented, all she has to do now is grab his hands and let her latex gloves melt down and corrupt him, into the perfect lesbian renamon like her, under her, for her.

She grasps his hands, holding them tight, helping him squeeze her own nipples, using them to wrap her fingers around his digits, pulling his hands up, her gloves starting to melt, "*Got you now,*" she thinks when there's a sudden hum and a whirl. Mechanical arms shoot out from underneath the bed, grabbing her wrists, yanking her hands away right before the latex could reach the avian. Her hands are pulled to the side as containers wrap around her arms, starting to suck her melting latex gloves right off of her, "What is this?!" she exclaims, tugging at the constraints as a second set has already wrapped around her legs, keeping them spread.

“Fuck, this feels so good. It’s almost a shame that you’re going to lose it, but I bet your ass will be twice as good,” chuckles Dasaki, slamming his knot into her body with a loud pop, his hot seed gushes into her, flooding her folds.

“What are you talking about? Better yet, what are you doing?!” she exclaims, tugging hard at the constraints, yet finding herself powerless to fight against it. Her eyes widen when she notices her gloves are missing, “What have you done to my gloves?!”

Dasaki chirps, “Oh the screams of victory, how sweet they sound,” he says, giving Xael’s breasts a fun playful squeak, gently massaging them, “On one hand I will miss these, but yet on the other,” he squeezes, “This latex will be better put to use soon,” he says, giving a few more firm thrusts before pulling out of the renamon with a loud pop.

“Answer me!” she declares, giving another vaneless attempt at breaking free.

“You really don’t get it do you?”

Her ear twitches, “Get what?”

“You have been so confident, so vain that it didn’t cross your mind for an instant that you could be the one being hunted?”

“Me, hunted?” she huffs, arching her back, her sex tightly clenching, not so much to keep the cum inside of her, but to make it harder for anyone to push anything back into her.

“I’ve studied you for a long time Xael. Your hunting patterns, how you transform people into your lesbian rubber minions. It took a while, but I figured you out, and your weakness and ironically it was your biggest strength, your transforming gloves.”

“What did you do with my gloves?”

“They are currently being mixed with a bit of my own special concoction to nullify their transforming properties and be processed into something far more suitable for your future life.”

She glares at him, “What are you going to do to me? Not that you will be able to do it,” she scoffs.

“Ah, see, that’s what I am talking about. So headstrong, so domineering. You’ve taken over so many people, it’s about time someone takes over you. And I am just the bird to do it.”

“Ha, you can’t take over me.”

“Is that so?” he says, letting out a chirp, the be hums to life, as metal breast plate wraps around Xael’s chest, squeezing her breasts down, making her groan, while a second set of metal molds wraps around her thighs, showing a *very* obvious external block mold for a new set of equipment between her legs.

Dasaki stands on the bed looking down at her, “I planned it all out, including the room you’d be staying in. Your overconfidence is now your downfall and for what you have done, I am going to turn you into the very opposite of who are, leaving nothing left but my newly remolded renamon plaything.”

“I would never do such a thing!” she says, grunting, feeling her chest begin to grow warm, causing her to shudder and groan more, steadily she watches as her latex flows out from tubes in the mold, the pressure on her chest decreasing.

“Oh, I do not doubt that *you* wouldn’t allow such a thing. But the new you, that I will finely craft? *He* will all be too happy to become my cock slut whore bitch, without nary a domineering thought in his gay little head. You’re going to become my perfect gay femboi cock hungry slut, eager to have this,” he says, pointing to his dick, “Again and again, and again.”

“No, I will not allow this,” she growls, tugging even harder on the constraints.

“Yes, yes, you said that before,” he says, hopping off the bed, the flow of latex reaching the other half of the mold, Xael noticing the rubber flow between her legs, and hips, feeling her sex burn and heat up, causing her to twitch, and squirm as her pleasure sex grows outward, sealing up as she can *feel* the new set of balls and cock begin to take shape.

“How is this even possible?!”

“It took a lot of trial and error, luckily you had a fair number of your girls here to test on till I perfected it.”

“How dare you harm my girls in such a way,” she huffs, another pull, another tug, the warming in her chest not quite subsiding but the uncomfortable pressure from before has disappeared almost entirely, while a new growing, hardening sensation in her groin but also another pair of hard sensations on her hips. She huffs and squirms, unable to move at all, panting heavily, feeling the strange tingling pleasure through her body.

“How could you do such a thing to so many others? This is all fair in love and war, and I am going to make a lot of love to you, but first... let’s make sure we start working on that pesky programming of yours hmm?” he says, hopping off the bed.

“What are you going to do?” she asks with a growl.

“Prepare you to become my cum brain slut of course, what else? Weren’t you listening?” he asks, his tail feather high in the air, while she hears the click of the briefcase opening. He pulls out a black rubber renamon hood with a Dasaki color themed digi-device placed right in the center.

Her eyes widened more, “Get that away from me!”

“This will calm your attitude and start to work you over. Don’t worry Xander, once I am done with you, you won’t even recall a thing about your former life, and you’ll be so happy to suck my dick whenever I want,” he chuckles, climbing back onto the bed.

“Xander? No! No!” she exclaims her eyes locked on the bondage hood. She helplessly tries to pull her head away, but soon her vision is delved into darkness, the rubber creaking in her ears, the tight grip of the hood around her head growing stronger as the sound of a zipper echoes into her ears. She takes a deep breath the mask deflating through a specialized breathing tube in the center, which was attached to a dildo that forced her lips apart, shoving it deep in the back of her throat, making her suckle on the knotted member.

She shakes her head side to side, when she feels a warmth in the middle of her forehead, hearing a synthetic voice speak into her mind but sounding as if it is said right into her ears, **“Dasaki Digi-vice activated. Locating renamon designation Xael... searching... located. Connecting to Xael.”**

“No, no, don't you connect to me!” she thinks, trying to fight the warmth in her head, but it spreads outward and then a tingle runs down her spine and spreads out throughout her body.

“Connection established. Placating subject Xael for future reformat.”

Suddenly a swirl of colors appears before Xael's vision. She closes her eyes but still sees them. Her nostrils flare, her suckling on the dildo weakens. Her tugging, pulling, head shakes as she grows weaker. Her eyes begin to dilate, drawn into the wonderful spirals before her. Her body twitches and tenses, flashes of words appear in the swirls.

“You are Xander.”

“There is no Xael.”

“You are gay.”

“You love cock.”

“You love Master Dasaki.”

“You love to service Master Dasaki.”

“You are submissive.”

“You are male.”

“You are a femboi male.”

“You are not female.”

“You have no interest in females.”

“Only men arouse you.”

“You love to take cock in your ass.”

Xael shudders and pants, moaning softly, her tongue coiling around the dildo.

“Subject placated. Changing designation from Xael to Xander. Scanning and cataloging all designations of Xael.”

There's a tingle in his mind... his mind? Was it always his mind and not something else? He tries to focus on that thought but it becomes difficult to grasp, **“Isolating all iterations of Xael. Preparing the mind for direct insemination of Master's essence.”**

“You are not Xael.”

“There is no Xael.”

“There never was a Xael.”

“Xael doesn't exist.”

“Your name is Xander.”

“You love dick.”

“You want to suck dick.”

“Suck dick, now.”

Xander's tongue coils around the cock in his mouth. The thick knotted length is perfectly designed after his Master's dick. He suckles firmly, slowly relaxing more as he sucks it.

“Sucking cock is relaxing.”

“Relax and suck cock.”

“Obey.”

Xander sucks and relaxes. Relaxes and suckles. It's so easy to stare into those pretty colors that give flashes of his Master, Dasaki. His body shudders, his arousal growing, the thought of having cock growing in his mind, pushing away other thoughts, making the bits of him that were Xael feel all the smaller.

"Good Xander."

"Listen, obey, serve."

"Let Master into your mind."

"Let Master, fuck your mind."

"Mind prepared for direct insemination."

Dasaki reads the digivice which beeps when it is ready for this stage of the project, "Finally, I've been waiting for this for a while now," he states, unzipping the ear section of the hood, giving him direct access to Xander's ear canal. "I have to make sure you are completely cum-brained obedient to me my dear Xander. Can't let even a single pesky thought of that previous bitch that you were escape. You're my slut now," he says, pressing the tip of his member into his ear, starting to push inside. His claws rub and caress the other side of Xander's head, "All you need to do is relax and let it happen my cum brain slut."

Xander feels a warmth fill his ear, a little splatter of pre-cum slinking into his ear canal, oozing down into the depths, softening the sound of the pushing dick into his ear. His ear stretches, and builds, the eardrum being pressed against by the dick's tip. The pressure builds and builds. The force of the dick on one end, and Master's hands on the other caressing his head, while his ear expands till suddenly... there's a give.

Master's cock slides in, muffled noises of his length as it squeaks against his ear, sliding into the center of his brain. His eyes go wide as little bits of struggle that were lingering in the back of his mind are suddenly pushed away, and then forgotten as fat as Master's cock is driven into his head.

His cock twitches, pleasure felt through his ear expands as it just feels so tight. The cock pushing into the core of his mind, squishing and squashing his imperfect mind. He gasps, suckling harder on the length, feeling the similarities between the one between his lips and the real deal pushing into his head. With each thrust parts of his mind grow numb, not that he could 'feel' the dick pushing in there, but with each spurt of pre-cum, a warmth filled within his head.

The delight of being ear fucked grew as more space is being made for the coming load within his head. The device speaks to him as he is put into a sensual state of bliss.

"Xander cock on brain configuration is commencing. Attaching corrupted data: Xael to excess Master insemination for further processing and eventual deletion."

The renamon's body twitches, and squeaks, Master's fucking within his head grows ever more blissful, his senses taken over by the constant head pounding, as thoughts of dick grow ever stronger on his brain.

"I love dick."

"I love cock."

"It's delicious."

“I want it.”

“I need it.”

“Master has the best dick ever...” Xander ‘thinks’ if you could call it that. Perhaps at this point it's more instinct. The pressure of Master's knot pushes against his ear, spreading wider and wider with each thrust. The Master's massive length now pushes along the inside of his skull, stirring the brain pot with more pre-cum, the knot ready to bust into his head, locking the cock in place to let the floodgates flow.

Dasaki trills in delight, his hot essence flooding into Xander's comparatively “Small” head for the amount of essence he just floods into the cavity. The bird's seed swirls and coats the renamon's mental essence, mixing therein everything that makes him, him with Master's seed.

The pressure within Xander's mind grows, his suckling grows more prolific, the colors from the hypnotic spiral and the words are distorted as his mind is corrupted on the deepest of levels. Cum flows into the renamon's mouth, which he hungry suckles down, ‘imagining’ if he could at this point that it came from the dick lodged in his mouth. The smell of Master's essence being burned into his skull as excess Master juice is pushed through his nostrils, oozing out of either ear. Xander feels tears of Master's cum of joy, given just how much he's put into it, and more still comes in, giving a pleasurable headache that could not be described as any other way than that. This is the pinnacle of the ultimate pleasure headspace.

“Cumb-brain completed. Installing sexual interest: Gay... Installing sexual preference: Submissive Gay. Installing love and service: Master Dasaki.”

The digivice continued to work on Xander's mind as it collected and pooled in his cum driven head. The avian takes a moment to enjoy his initial victory, petting and caressing the hooded renamon's head, watching the installation take place, “Good Xander. You're getting there,” he says with a playful chirp, grunting and groaning as he tugs and pulls hard, taking a few good attempts to ‘pop’ his cock out of the renamon's head, who can only moan and twitch at the cock's extraction. Leaving a cock shaped ‘hole’ in the renamon's mind that could only be filled by Master's length.

The ear canal quickly shrinks down to normal, the renamon's fast acting latex healing ability takes place, which only services to ‘lock’ the cum inside of the boy toy's brain.

“Installation Complete,” the digivice beeps.

Dasaki grabs the digivice from the hood, looking it over, “Ah perfect, now that you're connected and owned by my Xander, let's test out your resolve to be my gay boy toy,” he chirps, releasing Xander from his bondage, “You may remove your hood Xander.”

A command from his Master sent shivers through his body as cock twitched in delight, the renamon removes his hood, unzipping it, slowly pulling out the cock from his mouth, eyes squinting at first, from the blinding light but his vision quickly adjusts, as he gets a good look at his Master, and himself... the smooth chested renamon, with wide hips, and light blue hip handles, and a matching canine knotted dick with a heft set of balls. The molds long pulled away as the femboi's body is very much complete.

Xander smiles happily, cock aching hard at seeing him, "Hello Master, how can I help you?"

"We are going to complete you boy toy. How does that sound?"

His cock aches even harder, getting onto all fours, tail wagging, "That sounds wonderful Master, what can I do to be completed?"

"I'm going to fuck that sweet ass of yours and you are going to let all those corrupted data files that are floating in that cum head of yours, trickle down into your balls and then guess what you are going to do?" he asks, the bird, running his claw along Xander's chin.

Xander shudders and moans, cock dribbling rubbery blue pre-cum, "I'm going to cum my bad data away! That's what."

"That's right slut. Now show that ass to me so I can give it the good morning welcome it deserves."

"Yes Master!" he exclaims in delight, turning around, hiking his ass, remaining on all fours, "How's this?"

Dasaki climbs onto the bed, giving the smooth white and yellow rubber ass, giving it a tender loving domineering squeeze before grabbing the handles, "That is perfect slut."

"Welcome Master," he says with a soft moan, his cock jumping at the hit, throbbing hard, dribbling bits of pre-cum, and with each drop, a tingle of bliss fills his mind. The constant tingle down his spine feels better, his mind feeling as if it's being made a bit more... perfect.

Dasaki pushes his pecker into the renamon's tight needy rear. His cock pushes into the wanting hole with the help of a firm hard pull of the handles, "Ahh... I was right your ass is far better than your pussy."

Xander groans, arching his back, tail wrapping around his Master's body as he milks the magnificent length within him, "What was that Master?" he asks, cock dribbling more blissful forgetfulness of his past life.

"Nothing slut. You keep focusing on pushing all that corrupted data into your balls. I want every bit of that unwanted data in there for when you cum."

He shudders, "Yes Master!" he exclaims, squeezing Dasaki's length and with each thrust, his new hot button, the prostate is hit. Pleasure shoots up within him, and his mind is further reinforced that this is what he wants, this is what he loves, this is who he is, and that data that didn't comply with who is, is to be removed entirely. His balls growing heavy as his Master bounces off his rubbery ass.

"Good Xander, take it, love it, want it, need it," states Dasaki, as he goes faster and faster, using the momentum of each rubber ass bounce to be able to pound faster and deeper into the renamon's body.

"All corrupted data has been compiled within ball regions," beeps the digivice.

Dasaki grins, reaching around, giving the renamon's balls a nice firm squeeze, forcing some of that essence right out of the cock as it can barely contain that, "Feel that slut?"

Xander whines, "Yes Master."

"That's the sensation of a new better life for you."

“Are you ready for it?”

“Yes Master.”

“Do you want it?”

“Yes Master,” he whines, shuddering, ready to blow his load.

“Do you need it?”

“Yes Master.”

“Could you imagine any other life than this?”

He shakes his head, “No Master.”

“Then cum my lovely butt slut and embrace who you are from now and till the end of time.”

“Yes Master!” he exclaims, gushing out his hot sticky essence, unloading the broken data that meant nothing to him. Whatever left of Xael was not literally cummed out of his body with the most blissful and delightful gay sex that he’s ever had. Leaving him feeling lighter, and relieved. The weight of something that he didn’t know was on him was lifted away, the haze that surrounded his mind, gone, leaving him as the perfect gay femboy toy that he’s always been and meant to be.

Dasaki flooded the renamon’s ass with another load of his essence, the bird completely spent at this time, unable to give more, despite how much he wants to, despite how good the new slut’s ass is and how complete his domination over the smug Xael is. For now he enjoys the afterglow, letting himself remain knotted to his toy, while he gently squeezes and milks the toy’s cock, making sure not a single drop is left within that shaft, “Good boy.”

“Thank you, Master,” he huffs, squeezing Master’s length, loving the feel of it within his body, completing him on a deep instinctual programmed level.

“Are you ready to show how complete of a femboy toy you are to the world my slut?”

He huffs, shuddering in delight at his Master’s words, his cock nice and hard ready for more, but still restrained to stick with his Master’s wants and needs, “What must I do?”

“Simple,” he says, tightly gripping the toy’s handles to pull and yank himself out of the toy’s ass with a pop.

Xander shudders, tightly squeezing his ass to keep Master’s warm loving essence within him.

Dasaki jumps off the bed, pressing a button that was hidden on the underside of the bed, which then sides out a molding device. He opens it and pulls out a one piece body, head, collar harness, “Put this on, and your subservience to me will be complete. But it will only go on if you mean it, but once it's on, it will never come off, do you understand?”

Xander grins, his cock twitching, “Yes Master, and thank you for the honor to be forever yours,” he says, reaching out for the gear, ready to put it on.

“That’s a good rena-toy,” says Dasaki tossing the gear to him.

Xander’s heart fluttered, working to put the pieces on, the collar that was blue and purple, to mimic Master’s colors, with his name on it and also has the words “Slut” around it. A light blue latex head harness that wraps around his head, ears fitted through rubber rings that will

stretch whenever he gets an earful of cock again. The latex straps at this point move and slide across his body as he accepts his newest position.

Dasaki chirps with delight, watching the latex body harness crisscross the femboy's body, sliding across his chest with a BDSM O ring, but there's so much more. There's a rubber ring around his cock, that had to be put on with one ball in then the other, finally his length, forever putting a cock ring at the base of his length, another ring placed around the base of his tail, which connects and spiders out between his legs, through the handles, another ring suspended around his rear, showing it off to the world at all times, while being made of rubber so it can stretch with the rest of him. The body harness straps go across his arms, and legs, slipping around his toes and fingers with individual rings, then tighten and lock into place. The straps bind to his body, making it impossible to remove on top of the near impossible way for it to be done so normally.

Xander looks over himself with arousal and delight then stares at his Master with loving eyes, "How do I look?"

Dasaki takes a moment to admire his work, his utter and complete corruption of the renamon that is now forever bound to serve and service him. The renamon's eyes scream of submissiveness and unrelenting homosexuality. And the gear placed upon him just makes that screaming be amplified a hundred-fold, "Absolutely perfect."